Copyright, 1906, by P. C. Eastment

The water, laughing and lapping, invited. The day was giddy May, and the invited young Lorens, moreover, owned all the fally normal to nineteen. So altogether it would have been a miracle if things had gone exactly as they should. A proper young woman of course would have reckened chances before baring her feet and dancing joyously in midstream, where the pebbles lay smoothly bedded in fine sand and gleaming jewel-wise wherever a sun ray struck through the ripples.

Lorena did not let herself remember that the ford was but fifty yards higher up or that this special shallow reach of the creek lay between the two lakes that gave the finest fishing. They were not true lakes, of course only water mirrors, still and deep, impounded by dams of the winter flood's building. Lorena did not love them. They pero so placid they reminded ber somehow of Johnny-and whatever did that put her out of temper.

She loved glitter, motion, excitement. It was ecstasy to her to dance all day long and half the night after, footing It as lightly, as featly, as wind blown thistle seed. If only she could dance alone! But since that was out of the question she naturally preferred partners who kept step and were nimble. Johnny was neither, yet all the time she had been engaged to him he had felt it his right to say, if she did not dance with him, she must dance with hardly anybody else.

And not at all with Granville Gore, the very prince of partners, who was handsome and slender and light hearted, with money in both pockets and a trick of spending it with both hands. Johnny hated him, without reason so far as Lorena could see—at least he gave her no reason only said, "If you are goin' ever to belong to me, Lolle, you must be barely civil to that fel-

Somehow the emphasis on the last word always made Lorena shiver when she recalled it. How could she help it, when Johnny was toward other folk the soul of kindly instice? Still she had felt that he was unfair. If he really knew anything he might let her know it likewise. If Johnny could have brought himself

to tell her the break might not have come. But he was too proud and mas-terful for that. His wife must believe in him enough to understand that he thad reasons for any and everything. Besides he was afraid of seeming envious and jealous of a man so much richer and better looking. Moreover, he did not really know much that could be told categorically—it was Gore's general air and manner, con-Joined to words dropped here and there, that made Johnny certain he had no real reverence for anything feminime. A girl, any girl, was fair game to him. II she hadn't sense enough to look out for herself he was not bound to look out for her. Yet Gore was not distinctly victous - rather, inordinately vain. He did not mean worse by womankind and g' liting that to make love to them, then ride away. Marry! Not he! No. the finest girl alive!

If Lorena had known that! Unmase a fever knowing it, she had thought a great vestigate. many times and a great many things! the fascinating Granville in the three months since the break. He had been away for two of them, and since he came home she had seen him only in crowds. But he had used his eyes so eloquently as to set her heart wildly fluttering. But, oddly enough, it had fluttered even more when he chance wie had encounfered Johnson, in his working clothes, driving his wagon to

They had barely nodded to each other, and she had ridden fast afterward. but not fast enough to get away from a sense that Johnny, old Johnny, al-though his face was impassive, had turned to look after her as long as she

Today she was not thinking of himhardly even of Granville. Wading was such pure joy. The water came above her ankles. She lifted her ekirts light-

ber ankles. She lifted her exirts light by in both hunds and balanced to her shadow upon the realing stream. Such a funty shadow dancing grotesquely even when she root atill.

Rapt in contemplation of it, she did not hear footsteps or anything until a firmary, chucking voice cried. "Oh hol. A mermald! Gog, if the variety is indigenous understand, I shall settle in your neighbortneed just of smooths."

Lorens finshed scarlet. She let fell her exirts heedless of waters—beedless, indeed, of anything but escape. There were men or either hair, also ous in wading approaching he midstream Gore was the nathest or finenses fore she had never seen. He socked her over us though she was a part a currous part, of the anascape with which he had never seen. He socked her over us though she was stridin on covard ker, his rod over his anounter. I troud gris upon his service rates. See sunbanter her fifter print from a formal rather than health as the fifter print from a formal rather than believe her fifter print from a first print from a fifter made and rather than her street print from her fifter print from her fifter print from her fifter print from a fifter made and rather than he shallows? He formal rather than he fifter print from her fifter print from her fifter made and rather than he shallows? He formal rather than her her his shallows the fifter made and at the men on the train. "Name and a fifter that were here in the shallows, he differ made and at the men on the train." I species made shall a cated," he differ made and a fifter than he had a cated, he differ made.

ly: "Granville! Mr. Gore! Kill this greature!"

At that the men laughed louder than ever. Granville had discreetly disappeared. He was sorry for Lorena; also angry with her, even angrier than with his friend of the flat, red face. There were millions back of the flat red face - millions that might mean much to Gore's future. Was he to risk their help, to invite everlasting chan, to make himself the butt of the grill rooms next time he was in town, by championship of a girl, a silly country girl, who should have known better

than to put herself in such case? Mullen, he of the flat, red face, was not a bad sort, only full of uncouth spirits. Lorena would come to no parm. And if she had sense enough to keep her mouth shut he (Gore) would see to it that she was handsomely made up to for her present fright. But of course he could not acknowledge her as an acquaintance when she looked such a guy and had let herself get caught in such a plight.

Lorena, noting his absence, stumbled blindly toward the bank and half fell upon it, covering her eyes with both hands. Mullen scrambled out beside her and tried to lift her to her feet, the rest jeering him, pretending to say things and singing in cracked chorus, "Waere is my wandering boy?"

They were laughing so loud, watching so intently. Journy fell upon them like thunderbolt from blue skies. Johnny was still in working clothes—he had, in fact, started to the blacksmith's shop in a mad hurry in hope of getting a dulled plow point sharpened. So he had come to the ford in the very nick of time to see that a woman was in need of help and to rush to give it.

"Gentlemen," Johnny's voice cut like ice, "you must show me your warrant for taking a prisoner. Unless you do"-He stopped short there, his face white, his eyes two points of flame. Eyen yet he did not know, but a second later Lorena was beside him, clinging to him, burying her face in his rough sleave, and sobbing out: "Johnny! Save me! Take me away! Don't stop to fight them—only take me and gol" "Not yet," Johnny said, putting her

gently away. The events of the next five minutes are better left unchronicled. Suffice it that Mr. Granville Gore and his sportsmen friends from the city went away on the night train, at least two of the visitors carrying beautiful black eyes. As to how the eyes had been achieved there was discreet silence. But when in the full Lorena and Johnny rere married there came to the bride a chest of massive silver, along with an unsigned note which ran: "Please accept this in token of forgiveness. Remember, you owe me something-in that I save you occasion to find out

the difference there is between a man and a mease." Lorena was for sending it back, but Johany laughed and said: "Mullen is right. He is a man. You can drub a man into decency, but a mouse always runs away."

"And I hate mice of every sort," Lorena added with a pensive smile.

They Had aped That. A young discipl .! Blackstone who had worked his way through college and taken a full course in the study of law besides was making a trip through the southwest in search of ar eligible location for the practice of his profession. A thrifty young city, with a considerable body of water on one side of it and a forest on the other, attracted his attention, and he decided to mase a few days' stay there and in-

the best hotel, he ate his dirner, then strolled into the office and proceeded in a careless way to interrogate the

"There is a good deal of business done in this town, isn't there?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered the young man. in one way and another there's a good jag of business going on here." "Healthy place, isn't it?" "Middling."

"Is there much litigation here?" "No, I haven't heard of any cases of that, but there's a lot of chills an' fever and occasionally a pretty bad case of the grip."

Dewey and the Powder Boy. Many stories have been written and told about Admiral Dewey and his heroic deed at Manila bay, but none abow the kindness of heart of which this modern hero is capable as the fol-lowing, which has just come to light: When (2)) der was given to strip for action just before the battle of Manila Bay a powder boy on the flagship accidentally dropped his cost overboard. He asked permission to jump after to but was refused. In spite of the re-fusal he dropped overboard, recovered his cost, was caught and arrested for disorbelience of orders, a serious of tense in the navy, especially under this commander. The boy was brought before the admiral, who kindly but drmiy demanded an explanation. Breaking into tears, the hor said the east contained his mother's picture and he could not hear to see it lost. For once the admiral relaxed in his discipline. "Retease him," he said. "A boy who loves his mother emough to risk his life for her picture cannot be kept under arrest in this fleet." dischedience of orders, a serious of-

Pape's Paint Manner Scrange.

Not so long ago that it is ancient distory the little daughter of a flergyman had the treat of being taken to church to hear her tather

MYSTERIES OF SLEEP. When Greatest Depth of

Slumber Occurs. It is related of a Chinese merchant who was convicted of wife murder and sentenced to die by being deprived of sleep that he was placed in prison with guards changed hourly for the purpose of preventing him from sleeping. After the commencement of the day his suffering was so intense

he implored the authorities to st. gle, guillotine, burn him, drow. him, garrote, shoot, quarter, blow him up with gunpowder or put him to death in any conceivable way.

Natural sleep has been defined as mental rest produced by an appetite resulting from fatigue, but the idea that mental rest means mental inaction is hardly tenable, inasmuch as it quite frequently happens that the solution of unsolved problems is the first thing to appear in the consciousness on awakening, and thus the mind must have been operative while asleep.

It is commonly supposed that the greatest depth of sleep occurs about the end of the first hour. This, however, is not invariably the rule, according to my own observations in the Cook County (Chicago) Insane asylum, made some years ago, when I spent two successive nights in hourly testing the depth of sleep by light, sound and touch. A majority of the ten cases I had under observation showed the greatest depth to be at about 3 a. m. More recently Drs. Sante de Sanctis and N. Neyros, at the University of Rome, tested the depth of sleep in four normal persons by pressure upon the temple. One of these showed the greatest depth of sleep in the second and fifth hours, while the others showed the greatest depth between the first and second

Talking in sleep is more common than is generally supposed. Arm-strong and Child found in 200 students, between the ages of twenty and thirty years, that 41 per cent of the men and 37 per cent of the women talked in their sleep, and most of them could answer questions.—Harper's Weekly.

It Was Not Crape After All. A New York man was talking about Onie Read, author and jour-melist. "Read, you know," he said, "edited the Arkansaw Traveller for ten years or more. They say that in the spring of 1885 a reporter for the Traveller died. He was a fine young chap. A visitor to the office the day after the funeral found the editor and his staff talking about their loss disconsolately. "It has been a sad loss, friends,"

the visitor said; 'a sad loss indeed.' He sighed and looked about the room. 'And I am pleased to see,' he went on, that you commemorate the melancholy event b hanging up

"Opie Read frowned. "'Crape?' he said. 'Where do you

see any crape? "'Over there,' said the visitor, pointing.

be durned!' said Read. 'That isn't crape; it's the office towel!"-New York Tribune.

Bookkeaping Necessary. The roomer in a London lodging house does not yet need to number the hairs of his head as a precaution against theft, but he needs to keep careful account of everything else, says a writer in Public Opinion. An actor who had discovered his landlady's propensity for taking a por-tion of everything he bought num-bered and listed his things. One night he roused, the household by shouting down from his attic a demand for "No. 8."

"No. 8?" shouted the landlady back, "What No. 8?" "I want cube No. 8 of my lump

sugar," he replied.

Thenceforth the provisions in his cupboard were unmolested.

A Poculiar Book. One of the most curious books in the world belongs to the De I gne family of France. This book is neither printed nor written. All the letters are cut out of the vellum and interleaved with a peculiar shade of blue paper. The work is so carefully done that the book is read with the greatest of ease. Rudolphus II, of Germany offered 11,000 ducats for it, but it was not sold. The most peculiar thing about this volume is that it bears the royal arms of Eng-land, but as far as can be traced it has never been in that country.

A man walking by an old grave-yard in Aberdeenshire beheld sitting on a wall an aged highlander with his head wrapped up in a shawl, evi-dently suffering from a bad cold. "Good morning, Donald," said he. "You seem to be suffering from a bad heast" (ocuph) "Ech, sir," said the old man, pointing to the graves, "but there's mony a vin over there would be glad to ha! it."

He—About \$2,000 "But we can t live on that! "You sexed me how auch I earned. I make about \$20,-

-"After all, it may be the devil's a gentlemen?" "Well, you may be sure he il be civil enough to tell all of us to well, in, and welcome!"—Atlanta Constitution.

- Milk of human kindness is nover run through a cream seperator.

HOW THE SEXES DIFFER.

Contrary Ways of Men and Women Is Doing the Same Thing. Ever watched a man as he takes a chair? He'll move it-every time, even if it's only an inch. He would not sit in it just where it was for

the world. Watch him next time and see if he doesn't move it. A woman will seat herself without touching the chair. A woman is more philosophical anyhow.

Men are queer creatures, as every one knows. A man will always stir his coffee before drinking it. This is very foolish. He should taste it first to see if it needs stirring.

Few men open their personal correspondence without looking at the postmarks to see the time of posting. Women, on the other hand, tear open the envelope at once. They are in too much of a hurry to waste any time.

When a man puts on his hat he almost always looks inside it first. What he expects to see remains a mystery, but he looks for it, all the

He subjects the point of his pen to the same careful scrutiny before commencing to write a letter. A woman starts right off, jabs her pen in the ink pot and straightway begins to scribble as if her life depended on it.

It is the man who reads with his back to the light, holding his book in one hand. Herein lies wisdom. A woman rests her book on the table and leans both elbows thereon. But the foolishness of the man's act lies in the fact that he is seeking comfort and seldom takes this position because it is the most scientific one. Of course he finds it isn't comfortable. His arm aches after the first ten minutes, whereupon he puts his book down and remarks he is going out.

It is the man who lets out secrets-not by telling them, but by ill timed silence; He does worse; by refusing to gratify the curiosity of his questioners he invariably causes them to jump to conclusions much more damaging than the truth of the matter.—New York Press.

Diplomatic.

"Mr. Gidsmore," began the young man, "when you proposed to your wife-cr to the estimable lady who is now Mrs. Gidsmore-did she tall you to ask her father?"

"She did, my boy," affably replied Mr. Gidsmore, "And did you try to shirk the

"Well, come to think of it, I did. I-I believe I tried to get her to do

the asking, 'pon my soul! Ha, ha!" "And when you did ask him-of course you had to speak to him finally

"Of course I did; of course." "And when you did ask him did your knees shake, and was your tongue dry, and did you have stage

fright generally?"
"I was scared to death." "Well, that's the way I feel. I told Gladys I knew I could find some mutual hand of sympathy between us when I came to tell you that she has promised to marry me."

Byssus, of which fine, iridescent stockings and shawls are made in Sicily, is a silk made by a fish. The nuina is a Mediterranean shellfish that has an odd little tube at the end of its tongue. Out of this tube, spider fashion or silkworm fashion, it spins a silk thread, with which it fastens itself to any rock that it wishes to adhere to. When the puins moves on its fastenings its silk, cable remains behind. This cable, which is called byssus, the Si-cilian fishermen gather. Byssus weaves into the softest, finest, sheeniest of fabrics, but it is very rare and expensive.-Popular Science Siftings.

On Even Lines.

In the olden days many a good Scotchman fought in the ranks of La Belle France. A MacDonald, whose sword had won him a captaincy, while at mess with his broth er officers was jeered at by a provencal major for a foreigner. Bah," exclaimed the sneerer, "you beggarly Scots but fight for gold!"
"And what fights my brother
Frenchman for?" exclaimed Mac.
"For honor," exclaimed the Frenchman. "Well, well, man," coolly replied the Scot as he emptied his
glass, "we both are fighting to gain
what we need the most." what we need the most."

A Revelation. In the midst of his passionate dec-laration she yawned slightly.

Though, with her white and jeweled hand, she attempted to conceal the movement, it did not escape him.

His torrent of burning words ceased.

The Light died in his eyes.

But why, he said hoarsely,

"why speak to you of love?", You are
heartless — heartless. Your rawn showed it."

"Oh, Clarence," she whispered, horror stricken, "did I open my manth as wide as that?"

Pilre, Pilke, Pives. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Cintment will cure Hind, Bleeding, Ulcerated and taking Piles. It absorbs the tumors, likeys the Itohing at once, acts as a poulter, gives instead rollef. // Williams' inclan Pile Cintment to proposed for the and Itohing of the private parts by your is guaranteed. Sold by Orl ling Co. Anderson, S. C., by mail, for Jo. and \$1.00 Williams' M., Co., reprieters, Cleveland, Ohlo.

--- Buill water doesn't always run deep. There is the stagnant pond, for instance.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

It is Probably the Oldest Pastime The oldest game known to man is chess. The origin of this game, or mimic battle, as Goldsmith called it in his translation of Vida,

Jates back to 3000 B. C. It is rich in legendary anecdotes, and its venerable nomenclature has been transmitted through all changes in language from the earliest tongues of the Indo-European to the latest.

A peculiar thing about chess, with its combination of idle amusement and extreme mental toil, is that it is the only game sunctioned by priesthoods of all beliefs. The principal piece in the game derives its name, king, from the Persian shah, or ruler.

Many men whose names have gone down to posterity, such as Charlemagne, Tamerlane, Frederick the Great, Charles XII., Voltaire, Rousseau and Ben Franklin, have been devotees and students of the

Chess is Asiatic in origin, and originally more attention was paid to it by Asiatic students and philosophers than by men of western countries. Of late years, however, its popularity has greatly increased among western nations, and national chess tournaments are now held by experts from nearly all countries.

The history of chess may be divided into three periods—the age of century A. D.; the age of the mediaeval chess, from the sixth century to the sixteenth century, and the age of the modern chess, from the last of the sixteenth century to the present day. Of course many changes in the method of play took place in the course of development | man for her fare, she handed him a \$5 of the game, and as it is played now | bill. it is different from the game the ancients knew.

Chess has been played in nearly every country. Chessboards have been found among the ruins at Pompeii, and in the Roman Forum one may still see the outline of a checkerboard roughly scratched on the stone walk by some senatorial page of Caesar's time. In the orient both games have been played from time immemorial.

The Refreshment of Change. A charming old lady who was so-cially inclined, but who was kept

rather closely at home by the pressure of many cares, used sometimes to exclaim, "I do just love to drink out of somebody else's teacups!" A fitting pendant to this agreea

ble anecdote is another of a little girl whose supper invariably consisted of bread and butter, milk and apple sauce, a monotonous diet, of which she frequently complained. One day she was asked out to supper at a neighbor's. At a late hour the hostess found that no apple sauce had been prepared for the little guest, so she sent one of the maids to the child's home for a supply. The little girl on returning to her mother was enthusiastic about the delightful visit and particularly about the "beautiful supper," when she had been allowed to pour milk and cream for herself from the daintiest little pitchers,

"And, oh, such good apple sauce, mamme, the best, I ever tasted!"

Queer Descrations.

Many Japanese women gild their teeth. Women of Arabia stain their fingers and toes red. In Greenland women paint their faces blue and yellow. In India the women of three high castes paint their teeth black. A Hindoo bride is anointed from head to foot with grease and saffron. Borneo women dye the hair in fantastic colors—pink, green, blue and scarlet. In New Holland scars made carefully with shells form elaborate patterns on the women's faces. In ome South American tribes the women draw the front teeth, esteeming as an ornament the black gap thus

His Explanation. A bishop, recently returned from a tour of his diocese, according to the Springfield Republican, brought this story: He was the guest of one of the pillars of the church in a rural community. Beefsteak was the piece de resistance, and the guest sawed at it with such energy that its toughness was perfectly obvious. Finally the host thought it necessarv to do something to save his reputation for hospitality. "It's fine meat," he remarked; "nice and tender. But, you see, we have to keep the knives very dull on account of the children."

Salt a Luxury. Salt is the greatest luxury known

in central Africa. In some sections among the poorer inhabitants salt is never used. Even among the better classes a man who eats salt with his food is considered a rich individual. In some tribes where salt is not so scarce children are so fond of It that they may be seen eating it like dur American children would pieces of lump sugar.

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Not the Right Question

"The bravery of young men," said Rear Admirable Buhler at Atlantic City, according to the New York Tribune, "is a fact that I shall never cease to marvel over. Did you hear of a hope too forlorn, a . risk too overwhelming, for the young men of the armies and navies of the world to undertake?

"If only the wrong men's wisdom equaled their bravery! But this is impossible. Sometimes I think boys have so much bravery there is no room in them for anything else.

"I used to know a boy who was braye erough, but reckless, careless, extravagant. He accumulated a great quantity of debts.

"His father gave him a talking to one day.

" 'Suppose,' he said, 'that I should bo taken away suddenly, what would be some of you?" "'I'd stay here,' the boy answered.

smiling. 'The question is, what would become of you?" '

The Smallest She Had

A conductor on the O'Fallon Park division of the St. Louis and Suburban railway had such a good run of business Sunday afternoon, relates the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, that he had difficulty in keeping himself supplied the primeval Indian game, extend- with small change. Many persons ing from its origin down to the sixth | who patronized his car handed him dollars and bills of larger denominations in payment of their fares.

The conductor, however, managed to get along fairly well until a woman carrying a tiny infant, boarded his car. When he approached the we-

"Is that the smallest you have, madam?" queried the conductor, fearing another stringency in change.

The woman looked at the conductor and then at her baby, and made this surprising reply: "Yes, I have been married only

welve months." "I never was so sold while I have been working on the road," said the conductor afterward in telling the motorman of the incident.

Afraid of Their Wine.

Henry White, the American ambassador to Italy tells this story. "Two Englishmen attended a dinner at one of the Neapolitan hotels on the water front.

"After the dinner the Englishmen went out for a walk along the embankment. The sea was rough. The spray splashed over them. Soon they saw a statute, and as they neared this statute it nodded to them gravely. "'Did you see that statute nod?'

the first Englishmen said: " 'I certainly did.' the second said,

"'It is this confounded Capri wine, the first said. "'Well,' the second said, we had

better get back home to bed before we are run in.

are run in.'

"So, ashamed of themselves, the Englishmen went home to bed, and when amazingly fresh when all things were considered, they sat down to breakfast the next morning their maiter and the gentle."

"Treins arrive Union Depot Anderson, No. 5, daily, from Angerson, McCormick, Californ Falls and Intermediate stations 11.00 a. m.; No. 21, daily, except Sunday, from McCormick and intermediate atations 5.10 p. m.

W. B. Steele, U. T. A., Anderson, S. C. waiter said to them: Did the gentlemen feel the last night's slight earth-quake shock?"

Ray Bright Enough For Him.

A member of the traveling fraternity was waiting for a train at a small rail wey station in Northern New Hamp shire, where was gathered the usual number of people whose daily diversion is "to see what is going on at the dee po." Among the later arrivals was William Ray, well known in that section for his ready wit. His appearance was occasion of such salutions as "Good morning, Ray" "Hello, Ray," from all sides.

Business being dull that morning, the stranger, thinking this an opportunity to "drum" up a little fun, turced to the newcomer and inquired: "Are you an X-ray?"

Without hesitation William F. replied: "I den't know as I'm an Xray, but I can see through you.' A burst of laughter from the crowd silence on the part of the travelling man.—Boston Herald.

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"Your watches take at sight. The gentleman who got the last watch said that he examined and priced jewel er's watches in Lancaster that were no better than yours, but the price was \$45."

writes:

"Am in receipt of "the watch, and teed. Restores stiff joints, drawn am pleased without measure. All who have seen it say it would be cheap

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Notice to Creditors.

All persons having claims against the Estates of Mary Earle and Fletcher Latimer, deceased, are hereby notified to present them, properly proven, to the undersigned within thirty days after publication herof for psyment.

R. Y. H. NANCE,

Judge of Probate as Special Referee.
Fab 21, 1908

36

5



Raliway. Arrival and Departure of Trains, Auder-

son, B. C. Effective June 8, 1906.

1.10 副國

DEPARTURES: 7.27 a. m. No. 22, daily, except Sunday, for McCormick and intermediate stations, arrive McCormick 11 15 c. m.

4:15 p. m. No 8, daily, for Augusta, etc., connecting at Augusta, etc., connecting at Augusta with air lines diverging, and at McCormick with C. & W. C. train No. 4 for Greenwood and intermediate of the control of the contro

4 for Greenwood and intermediate stations. Arrive Calboun Falls 5.42 p. m., Augusta 8.80

ARRIVALS:

Anderson, S. C. Geo. T, Bryan, G. A., Greenville, S. C. Ernest Williams, G.P.A. Augusta, Ga. R. A. Brand,

Trafflo Manager.

Blue Ridge Railroad.

Effective Nov. 29, 1908. WESTBOUND.

No. 11 (daily)—Leave Belton 8.50 p.
m; Anderson 4.15 p. m.; Pendleton 4.47
p. m.; Cherry 4.54 p. m.; beneca 5.31 p.
m; arrive Walhalls 5.55 p. m.
No. 9 (daily except Sunday)—Leave
Belton 10.45 s. m.; Anderson 11.07 a. m.;
Pendleton 11.32 a. m.; Cherry 11.39 a. m.
arrive at Seneca 11.57 a. m.
No. 5 (Sunday only)—Leave Belton
11.45 a. m.; Anderson 11.07 a. m.; Pendleton 11.32 a. m.; Cherry 11.39 a. m.;
Seneca 1.05 p. m.; arrive Walhalla 1.2, p. m.

p. m. No. 7 (dally except Sunday)—Leave Anderson 10.30 s. m.; Pendleton 10,59 s.

Anderson 10.30 a. m.; Pendleton 10.59 a. m.; Cherry 11.09 a. m.; Seneca 1.05 p. m.; arrive Walhalla 1.40 p m.

No. 3 (daily)—Leave Belton 9.15 p. m., arrive Anderson 9.42 p. m.

No. 23 (daily except Sur lay)—Leave Belton 9.00 s. m.; arrive Anderson 9.80

EASBOUND,

am.

EASBOUND,

No. 12 (daily)—Leave Walhalla 8,35 a.
m.; Seneca 8.58 a. m.; Cherry 9.17 a. m.;
Pendleton 9.25 a. m.; Anderson 10.00 a.
m.; arrive Belton 10.25 a. m.
No. 15 (daily except Sunday)—Leave
Seneca 2.00 p. m.; Oherry 2.19 p. m.; Pendleton 2.25 p. m.; Anderson 3.10 p. m.;
arrive Belton 3.35 p. m.
No. 6 (Sunday only)—Leave Auderson
3.10 p. m.; arrive Belton 3.35 p. m.
No 8 (daily)—Leave Walhalla 3.10 p.
m.; Seneca 5.31 p. m.; Cherry 5.59 p. m.;
Fendleton 6.12 p. m.; Anderson 7.30 p.
m.; arrive Belton 7.58 p. m.
No. 24 (daily except Sunday)—Leave
Anderson 7.50 a. m.; arrive Belton 8.29
a. m. H. C. BEATTIE, Pres.,
Greenville, S O
J. R. ANDERSON, Supt.,
Anderson, S. O.



Anderson, S. C. We respectfully solicit a share of your business.